

# KRS-One Lyrics

## "Hot"

Yeah

Who will be standing when the smoke clears?

*[Redman]* (KRS-One)

Word up!

What's up with this?

We're coming through

Boogie Down style, kid

What's up

This is KRS-One

The light at the end of the tunnel

Yo, they not HOT, all they do is talk a lot  
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?  
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops  
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not  
I'm HOT, been hot, repeatedly heated  
Don't call the teacher, hah, you best be seated  
You got these kids gased up like you own the inventory  
Fake muthafuckas ain't tellin the whole story  
Tell em how you borrow from everyone you knew  
And now that you're on top, they can't borrow from you  
That's not hot, tell em how you love bein pop  
Cause you was so broke before, sleepin cold on a cot  
You don't rock, you grab money  
Your crocks rock the spot and you grab them honeys  
It's about to get ugly  
I don't even go to these bullshit kiddie-ass clubs  
You wanna be a thug? Let's thug  
First of all, soldiers speak to soldiers  
Captains speak to captains  
Lieutenant/lieutenant, cool?  
But your first mistake is: he's steppin to me, rookie  
Like you a O.G. and you just a run-up, fool  
Who really got these streets on lock?  
Whose name really holds high respect on the block?  
Who opened up these clubs and taught you how to mix?  
Who opened up these thugs from Compton to the Bricks?  
I don't even sound like the rest of you kiddies  
I study the ways of God, you studyin titties  
And ass, I pity your class  
Cause you come out with a blast  
But you're trash, so you really don't last

They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot  
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?  
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops  
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not  
They not HOT, all they do is talk a lot  
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?  
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops  
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not  
This is hotter than heat, too deep, I'm on top of the streets  
You weak, you ain't really rockin these beats  
You [?] you dress straight, eat straight  
But you're a slave, and yo, you can't come up in a heat tank  
G-o-d we thank, we watch what we sell  
You better hope these Christians are wrong cause you goin to hell  
Think about that when you're spittin your raps  
And you call out KRS, I'll put you flat on your back  
You're not HOT, all you do is talk a lot  
That's not HOT, where's your respect on the block?  
That's HOT, not cause you're friends with the cops  
That's not HOT, a real MC you're not  
What's HOT?  
(KRS-One)  
That's HOT!  
What's HOT?  
(KRS-One)  
That's HOT!  
Who's HOT?  
(KRS-One)  
That's HOT!  
Where's your respect on the block?  
*[scratching of]*  
*[Redman]* (KRS-One need to be runnin for office  
So Butta-Pican Rican, tell em to get off it)